

# DIME NOVEL ROUNDUP

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE HAPPY HOURS BROTHERHOOD

Vol. I, No. 2.

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## BIOGRAPHIES OF PIONEERS

by Arlie (Ark) Kinkade

### No. 1 — Col. Daniel Boone

Born in West Virginia, or Pennsylvania, in 1735. His earliest days were spent in unsettled forests. His father removed to the banks of the Radkin river, in North Carolina, when he was but a boy. As the saying goes, he was born with a rifle in his hands, and was a very good shot. In the early part of May, 1769, he, with five others, journeyed to "The Dark and Bloody Ground," west of Virginia, long known to the Indians as "Kantuckee." They found it a paradise for the sportsman, and in 1771, Boone brought his family and some more settlers there, and named the colony where they settled, Boonesborough. It was besieged several times by the Indians, and once, by such a force, that Col. Boone surrendered his little army, which was 27 persons, and they were marched to Chillicothe, Oh.o, on the Little Miami. Boone was court martialed, under the Indian law, but honorably acquitted, the judges deciding that his course had undoubtedly saved Boonesborough.

An Indian family adopted the Colonel, and the hair of his head was plucked out by a painful and tedious operation, leaving a tuft on top of his head for a scalp-lock, which was dressed up with ribbons and feathers. They stripped him, and after several ablutions in the river, "to wash all the white blood out of him," a grand feast concluded the ceremonies. Boone tried to please his captors, and later got to be a trusty to them. He accompanied a party of them to Scioto Licks to make salt and upon returning, found 450 Indians preparing for a descent on Boonesborough. Everything must be risked now that he might escape and tell his loved wife and children, who were in Boonesborough, as well as his friends, to beware. He arose next morning and taking only enough victuals for one meal, went out to hunt, but when out of sight, started toward Boonesborough, and during the five days it took him to make the trip, he ate but the one meal.

When the Indians attacked Boonesborough, they were driven off, with 37 killed, and the settlers lost but two killed and four wounded.

Boone died of fever, September 26, 1820, aged 86. He is buried in the

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Rural cemetery, at Frankfort, Ky.

At least 30 places in the U. S. bear Boon's name, the best known pioneer of the Country.

Several issues of "Pluck and Luck" have Boone for a hero.

A biography of Davy Crockett will appear in an early issue.

**I NEED MANY NUMBERS  
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## NOVEL SKETCHES—No. 3

The Black Highwayman Novels. Published by Ornum & Co. (Munro & Co. spelled backwards) Beekman St., P. O. Box 3643, New York, N. Y. Same size as Beadle's Dime Novels. Came out in the early 70's. 98 to 100 pages. Nice colored illustration on front cover. All kinds of stories, such as adventure, western, sea, bandit, etc., were printed in them—and grand old stories they were. Sold for 10c a copy. One column to the page.

Some of the titles (these are very rare) were: 2. "Captain Hawk; or, How He Tricked 'em," by the author of "Claude Duval," "Black Bess." 4. "The Highwayman's Retreat; or, The Cabin in the Woods."

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## "THE DYING COWBOY"

As i rode down by Tom Sherman's  
Bar room—Tom Sherman's bar room, so early one morn.

'Twas there I espied a handsome young cowboy  
Dressed up in white linen, though cold was the morn.

Said I, you're a cowboy, I know by your outfit.  
These words I spoke to him, while passing him by.

And he murmured so softly, come set down beside me.  
For I'm shot through my breast, and I know I shall die.

## CHORIS.

Then play your fife slowly, And beat your drum lowly.  
And play the dead march, As you carry me on.

To the grave yard o'er yonder, And place the sod o'er me.  
For I'm a poor cowboy, And I know I've done wrong.

To bathe his temples, To bathe them he said.  
But e're I returned, With that cup of cold water.

His spirit had departed, and the cowboy was dead.

My father, Avron P. Randolph, sang this song to me when I was a boy. He first learned it out on his homestead between North Platte and Ogallala, in Nebraska, back in 1886. It was, at that time, the song of the day.

Sincerely,

Col. Charles D. Randolph  
(Buckskin Bill)  
Poet Scout.

(Set exactly like copy—Printer)

## THE PHOTO OF BILLY THE KID

The only photo of Billy the Kid—the only one he ever had taken—was in the possession of Pete Maxwell, a friend of kid's for many years. It was taken by a traveling photographer, who passed through Ft. Sumner, in 1880. Ft. Sumner, New Mexico, was one of the Kid's "hangouts." According to Mrs. Jaramillo, who knew the Kid well, "Billy posed for it, standing in the street near old Beaver Smith's saloon." She said that the picture did not do justice to him, however, as it showed him in rough attire and made him look uncouth. "The expression of his face," stated Mrs. Jaramillo, "was really boyish and very pleasant. He may have worn such clothes as appear in the picture on the range, but in Ft. Sumner he was careful of his appearance and dressed neatly and in good taste." She tells how the Maxwells came into possession of the picture of Billy: "We had an old servant, Deluvina Maxwell. My father had bought her, when a child, from a wandering band of Navajo Indians. Billy the Kid was Deluvia's idol; she worshipped him. When Billy was locked up in Ft. Sumner after his capture at Arroyo Tivan, she went to visit him. It was a cold, wintry day, and as the jail was unheated, she came and got a heavy scarf, which she had knitted, and took it to him. In return for this kindness, he gave her his photograph; which he had carried around in his pocket.

"My mother kept this picture in a cedar chest for many years, and finally my sister, Odila, gave it to John Legg. Legg was later shot and killed and Charlie Foot, as executor of his estate, came into possession of the picture. When Foot's house was burned, the original picture was destroyed, but many copies of it had been made. A wash drawing made from the photograph now hangs in the Governor's palace in Santa Fe, New Mexico." Taken in part from "The Saga of Billy the Kid," by Walter Noble Burns, Doubleday Doran Co., Garden City, N. Y.

—Contributed by W. B. McCafferty.

The strange part of the above story is that the first man to have the picture, after it passed from the possession of the Maxwells, was John LEGG, and the last man to have it was Charlie FOOT.

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## BRAZIL THRILLED BY BUFFALO BILL AND NICK CARTER

Dime and nickel novels that thrilled a generation in The United States, have just begun to send tingles along the spines of Brazillian youngsters.

The adventures of Nick Carter, The Bradys, Young Wild West, Buffalo Bill and other heroes of the "wild and wooly" days, have been translated into Portuguese, Spanish and other languages, and may be bought at street stands, throughout Brazil, for six cents per copy.



## CRAZY HORSE AND SPOTTED TAIL

In a poem of some 260 lines, entitled, "The Death of Crazy Horse," John G. Neihardt tells the story of how Chief Crazy Horse, a dauntless chief of Sitting Bull's, when he was driven back from his position in the Wolf Mountains, finally surrendered to General Nelson A. Miles, and came onto the reservations. The Government had determined, in 1875, to compel all Indians in the Northwest to settle on the reservations. They were informed that they must come in by January, 1876. Many of the Sioux and the Cheyennes took to the battlefields to fight against the whites.

Sitting Bull took position in the valley of the Big Horn, near the source of the Powder river, with something like 3,000 fighting braves. Generals Gibbons, Crook and Custer, heading three expeditions, took the field against the redskins. By the Spring of 1877 all the large groups except that under Crazy Horse, had been killed or had surrendered, but at great loss to the Government. Custer and his troops had been massacred at the Little Big Horn. With these forces vanquished and his strategic positions lost, Crazy Horse came into the reservations, where he was a source of fear to those round about him. He could not stand the inactivity of the reservation, and hearing evil reports of himself, finally decided to run away. It was thought that he had gone to raise or incite rebellion among the tribes; but he was later found in Spotted Tail's camp. It was promised that he should not be hurt if he would return to his place on the reservation. This he did, but the promise was not kept, and Crazy Horse was killed. The poem mentioned recounts the story of his death.

Spotted Tail, a Sioux Chief, mentioned in connection with Crazy Horse, figures in some of the old "boys' books," as did Sitting Bull, General Custer and others mentioned here. Spotted Tail was also known as Chief Brule. In No. 936, Vol. 36, of Beadle's Dime Library, July 2, 1895, "Buffalo Bill's Boy Mascot," Col. Prentis Ingraham mentions Chief Spotted Tail in these words: (describing some well-dressed crooks out in the wild West) "They might pass for drummers in Boston, or book-agents, more like. Then they were tough, for I'm blessed if a book-agent didn't sell old Chief Spotted Tail a dictionary with the back of a Bible sewed on it, and I (Buffalo Bill) captured it and gave it to the chaplain."

—W. B. McCafferty.

Peter Pad, who wrote comic stories for "Boys of New York," "Happy Days," "Golden Weekly," "Comic Library," reprinted in "Snaps," etc., died in 1886. His real name was George C. Small.

Gilbert Patten's "The Dime Novel," which was published Dec. 15, '30, ceased with the issue of Dec. 15, '30. Numbered from No. 1 to No. 1, inc.

## THIS AND THAT

By W. B. McCafferty - - - Fort Worth, Texas

:o:

Readers of the Robin Hood Series of "old boys' books" will likely be interested to know that the boy scouts in and around El Paso, Texas, are hark-ing back to the days of Robin Hood and his Merry Men, by taking up the sport of archery, staging many tournaments with the bow and arrow, con-testing for prizes.

The Western thriller will continue to live in the hearts of the rising generation. Young Wild West, Cheyenne Charlie, Jim Dart and their fair companions, who used to fight the wily redskin, may be gone into the misty regions of antiquity, but they will ever live in the imagination of youth. Just recently the Pee-wee group of the Y. M. C. A. formed Indian clubs, with "Big Chief" instead of president, and "Little Chlef" and "Medicine Man" instead of the usual vice president, etc. They will hold camping trips, etc. This, in and around El Paso, that picturesque city on the Texas border.

Who does not remember "The Young Rough Riders," with Ted (or Theodore) Strong as hero? And who will not thrill at the name of Buffalo Bill? These two stirring series of old stories are immediately remembered when we read in an article before us, of the death of Col George R. Stanton. He passed away, just recently, in the naval hospital, in Brooklyn. Mr. Stanton was born in Rome, N. Y., but spent most of his life in the Wild West. He was kidnaped by Indians when six years of age and kept by them for several months. He was for years a cowboy and rider of wild horses. Buffalo Bill was a friend of Stanton's, and commended him on his great riding ability. He belonged to the Rough Riders commanded by Theodore Roosevelt (for whom "The Young Rough Riders" series was named—Theodore or Ted Strong, their chief character being patterned after him.) While we have not had the honor of meeting Mr. Stanton in person, we have had the pleasure of seeing Buffalo Bill in his lifetime.

A picture of Eugene Cunningham, writer of "Western Thrillers," recently appeared in an El Paso, Texas, newspaper. He was garbed in true "Western" fashion, and in his hand he held the gun of the leader of the "Wild Bunch of Robber's Roost," Butch Cassidy, who gave the gun to W. D. Connell in Argentine in 1906, after the "Wild Bunch" had held up a Great Northern train in true James Boys style, out near Wagner, Montana. With this gun, Butch shot his way out of a Knoxville, Tennessee, hotel lobby escaping to South America.

Longbrow, the "Sundance Kid," joined Cassidy in South America and together they robbed two banks, getting in all \$120,000.



We have just received a clipping from a correspondent, which recounts the recent murder, near Ft. Worth, Texas, of Homer Rodgers. We were personally acquainted with Rogers in our boyhood days, and well remember how he was an avid reader of Tip Top, Work and Win and others of the old, vanished weeklies. He and his brother Sam (Eph, we called him) were splendid base ball players, seeking always to emulate the Fearnot and Merriwell method of playing.

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### TOO MUCH BLOOD AND THUNDER.

(Adapted from Ad Carter's comic strip, "Just Kids")

SCENE: City street with two Small boys, named respectively, "Mushmouth" and "Fatso Dolan."

TIME: Any time, preferably that faroff period of our boyhood days, when literature was literature, but "penny dreadfuls" were "thrillers."

Enter Mushmouth, who overtakes Fatso on the street.

Mushmouth: "Have you been doin' much readin' lately, Fatso?"

Fatso: "I jes' been managin' to keep up with my DIAMOND DICK stories."

Mushmouth: "I jes' read a SWELL story called HAMLET by a feller called Shakespeare!"

Fatso: Was there any train robbers in it?" (Note: Fatso is thinking of "The James Boys and the Rocky Cut Train Robbery; or, The Red Light on the Bridge")

Mushmouth: "Naw—it's all about a feller named HAMLET, what sits cown in the beginnin' of the story an' has a nice long talk with his FATHER'S GHOST!"

Fatso: Sure musta been a brave feller—not a-feared o' ghosts!"

Mushmouth, "Well, sir, yuh see, Hamlet's father had been a genuine KING until he was KILLED VERY DEAD by his brother wot was Hamlet's own uncle on his father's side, and who done the KILLIN' because he wanted to be King hisself!"

Fatso: "Yes, yes, go on! I like stories like that."

Mushmouth: "Well, jes' as soon as he got to be King, what did he do, but marry Hamlet's mother. Well, that got Hamlet's father's ghost very SORE."

Fatso: "You kin hardly blame him, says I."

Mushmouth: "That's the way I look at it myself. So Hamlet's father's ghost told Hamlet to GET HUNK on his uncle for all this here rough stuff. So Hamlet hides hisself behind a curtain, where he could stab his uncle in the gizzard!"

Fatso : "A very lovely thought !"

Mushmouth : "But he made a slight mistake, AN' STABBED HIS GIRL FRIEND'S FATHER INSTEAD. An' this broke up his girl friend so badly that she went very BALMY, an' went an' drow. ed herself in a LILY POND !"

Fatso : "Tsk--tsk--tsk." (Note : Sound made with tongue against teeth—meaning, My, what a shame !)

Mushmouth : "Well when Hamlet's girl friend's brother (Laertes) found out about this, he was a bit peeved at Hamlet fer ruinin' his family, so he got together with Hamlet's uncle an' cooked up a scheme to MURDER HAMLET, 'cause he was kickin' up such a fuss 'round the palace."

Fatso : "Don't stop, Mush. I'm on needles an' pins now."

Mushmouth : "Then they fixed up a fake show, an' after that Laertes and Hamlet had a GENUINE DUEL. But the crook, Laertes, HAD POISON ON HIS SWORD; an' as another surprise for Hamlet, (in case Laertes didn't stab him) the King had a nice glass of FROSTED POISON to give Hamlet when he got hot !"

Fatso : "Very thorough, I calls it !"

Mushmouth : "Well, Hamlet fooled 'em both. He switched swords an' KILLED LAERTES, but not before HE GOT STABBED VERY BAD HISSELF. Then Hamlet's mother DRANK THE POISON by mistake, an' Hamlet RUN HIS SWORD THROUGH HIS UNCLE as a personal favor to his father's ghost. Then Hamlet called it a day, and laid down an' died hisself. And that's the end of the story."

Fatso : "That's a swell story, Mush, but how'd you come to be readin' Shakespeare ?"

Mushmouth : "Well, yuh see, mom won't leave me read DIAMOND DICK STORIES on account of they're TOO MUCH BLOOD AND THUNDER !"

(Note : When parents forbid their small sons from perusing Diamond Dick, Old Sleuth, etc., on the grounds that there is too much bloodshed and crime in them, but insist that they read Macbeth, Hamlet and other Shakespear tragedies, we can only say that "THERE IS SOMETHING ROTTEN IN DENMARK !" —W. B. McC.

## THE RETURN OF THE OLD-TIME DIME NOVEL "STEAM MAN" REDUCED TO 10c

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